

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

J. M. SWETNAM, Publisher.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The greenbackers do not seem to know a corpse when they see it.

The comet and its "me too" attachment is rapidly growing less.

Ohio is rated as one of the doubtful states this year.

A few well-written and carefully memorized extemporaneous remarks were indulged in by something over two million orators last Monday.

The Post-Dispatch, speaking of the withdrawal of the name of Platt from the senatorial race, feelingly remarks: "We are sorry to lose Mr. Platt from the ranks of American statesmen."

Probably the meanest man on record keeps a boarding house in San Domingo. Last winter an earthquake turned the edifice clear upside down and the morning he began charging the garret lodgers first floor prices.

A correspondent should always make it a point to add to a newspaper communication: "If too long, please cut down to suit yourself." This reassures the editor and suggests a way out of a possible difficulty, which might never have occurred to him.

A virtual Coolie system has been established in the Sandwich Islands by luring Swedish immigrants to compete with Chinese labor. Horrible brutalities are said to be practiced by the taskmasters in the employ of planters.

The storm ravages on Wednesday were seriously destructive of life and property at Hampton, Iowa along the line of the Illinois Central; Ripley, Ohio, Pittsburg, Pa.; Nokomis, Ill.; Columbus, Lancaster and Lexington, Ohio. The telegraphic service is interrupted all over the country.

Edwin Booth and family arrived at New York with the McVicker family from Europe on Wednesday. Booth was much gratified by his reception in England. He did not do well in the provinces, however, owing to poor support and bad management. He plays through the States next season.

The Springfield Republican thinks that "an administration which has wisely refunded a third of the national debt, without a ripple, courageously attacked the most powerful and most corrupt ring in the Government, and is likely next December to report the largest Treasury surplus and the smallest post-office deficiency on record in years is rolling up a record which will stand and command confidence after all the noise smoke at Albany have disappeared."

The Monticello Journal says the medicinal sulphur springs 6 miles northwest of La Belle are creating considerable notice. Dr. Condit, well known as once a prominent physician in Northeast Missouri, in his life time recommended these waters and had great faith in their curative properties for many diseases. In 1837 he cut his name in a rock at the springs and it can still be seen there. It is estimated that from one to two hundred people visit the springs daily, taking away large quantities of the water in jugs, kegs, etc., and on Sunday of last week over 500 people visited the springs. A number of enterprising citizens of the vicinity are talking of building a commodious hotel at the springs, and it may yet turn out that Lewis county has a fountain of health equal to some of the famous resorts of the country.

A correspondent of the Kansas City Times, writing from Trenton, Mo., the junction of the Quincy, Missouri and Pacific railroad with the Chicago and Rock Island says: "The Quincy Missouri and Pacific railroad has now about finished grading, and expects to have the cars running to this point by July 1st. There will then be a jubilee, the cannon will fire a salute, the slim bottles will be relieved of their contents, and gush will come forth like a boiling spring. All will be superlatively happy, and a good many will feel mighty unwell the next morning. But, then how else could they express their joy? The road is nearly on an air line to Quincy, and will probably remain at this point several months before it resumes its march towards the setting sun. It cuts heavily on the traffic of the Hannibal and St. Joe, running parallel with that road from twenty-five to thirty miles north, right across the State.

P. S.—All of which came to pass on Friday, the cars reaching Trenton at 11 o'clock.

A debating society has tackled the question: "Is it worse to think you've reached the top when there is one stair more than to think there is one stair more when you have reached the top?"

SCISSOR GRAPHICS.

Grant acknowledges that there are only two great men in this country at the present time. One is Roscoe Conkling.

The Ozar has succeeded in maintaining absolute monarchy; but he is afraid to come out and see how it is getting along.

There can be no more vexatious situation in life than to sit down to write an original article, and find that somebody has stolen your scissors and maulage.

A burglar entered a house the other night, and scared a lady so badly that her hair, which was lying in an exposed place on the bureau, turned white in a single night.

The first poetic "fragrant" comment on these words: "I sipped the neck tar of her lips, I slipped and hovered over her." And the last part was as follows: Her father's hoof flashed on the scene. I'm wiser now and sorer.

A minister had, preached an hour; then he remarked: "Another wide field opens from the subject in another direction." Just then an old colored saint ejaculated: "Please, Lord, shut up de bars."

An American heiress is said to have recently an offer of marriage from a Bourbon prince, a cousin of Don Carlos. She refused, and when the importance of the honor was urged she replied, "I don't want a title half as much as much as he wants cash."

"Do you love her still?" asked the judge of a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he. "I love her better still than any other way; but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

She laid her cheek on the easy-chair back against his head and murmured: "How I do love to rest thus against your head, Augustus." "Do you?" said he. "It is because you love me." "No; because it is so nice and soft." Then he lay and lay, and thought and thought.

There are more than three thousand professional burglars in America, and yet, to keep them from our homes, we pay \$5,000,000 a year for locks, bolts, and fasteners. Ten thousand dollars apiece a year would hire them to be good.

One Alfred Hoskins killed himself with morphine at the Planters' house, Hannibal, on Tuesday night—probably while under a depression caused by consumption. He had a brother in Chicago.

A Conscience Martyr.—"Why are you so cross, Angela?" "Oh! because I hate selfishness, Aunt, and they're all of them so selfish." "What have they done?" "Why, they all want to go on the river, just when I want to play lawn tennis." "Well, you needn't go with them." "Of course, I needn't; but how am I to play lawn tennis all by myself?"

State Smoke.

The Elmira Gazette tells a little story concerning an innocent young lady who had for a friend one Sam Harrison. The young lady and some other girls were talking of their likes and dislikes. One said she liked the smell of tobacco smoke so much; another said the same, and the whole crowd echoed the sentiment. Then Sam's girl said: "Yes, the smell of fresh smoke is delightful, but I don't like the taste of it when it's stale." "Taste of it?" said another, "how taste of it? You don't smoke, I hope." "No," was the answer, "of course I don't smoke, but you know Sam does, all the time, and it gets into his moustache, and—and—and"—by this time, the girls had recovered and looked at each other, and the speaker began to blush, and the pressure was only relieved by some one asking if the church fair was an assured success.

Why She Stopped the Train.

Just as the train was moving out of Baltimore the other day, a woman rushed into the station frantically calling upon some one "to stop them cars," and dragging a little girl along with her. With great difficulty the engineer was made to understand and the train brought to a halt. The train hands jumped off lifted the woman on to the car, then the little girl, jumped up themselves; and the conductor signalled to the engineer. The train was hardly under way again when the woman, dragging the little girl, rushed out to the platform, crying once more, "Stop these cars!" The brakeman pulled the rope; the train was again stopped, when the woman jumped off and walked away. The station-master and porters rushed up to her asking "What is the matter?" "O," she said very coolly, pointing to her little girl, "her papa going to Annapolis," (about thirty miles away) "and she wanted to kiss him good bye."—Free Press.

Thackeray's idea of a dandy is given in the following note: "My Dear Edward: A 'dandy' is an individual who would be a dandy if he could, but, as he can't, does all he can to show the world he's not a dandy."

In the ladies' cabins of the Hoboken ferry boats the following notice has recently been posted: "The seats in this cabin are reserved for the ladies. Gentlemen will please not occupy them until the ladies are seated."

STATE ITEMS.

An 8 p. m. closing movement at Moberly.

Movement at Springfield to locate a park.

Harry county S. S. celebration at Cassville July Fourth.

Travelers say Brookfield ought to have a better depot.

The Moberly boys of about 16 or thereabouts are organizing a band.

A wedding in high life is on the tapis at Edina—names withheld.

Corn crops in north Missouri are better than ever known before.

Crocket Enoch's twins—seven months old—both died at Moberly on Monday.

Hog pound opened at Breckenridge last week, and swine owners kick vigorously.

The Methodist ladies of Breckenridge cleared \$25 at a lawn social last week to be applied on a new church.

Sedalia council has granted a charter for a street car line—to be built by September 15.

The governor has appointed Aug. F. Warr, of Liverpool, Eng., a commissioner of deeds for Missouri.

Young son of Schriner, city marshal Jefferson City shot himself through the hand with a pistol on Wednesday.

The mayor of Breckenridge proclaims that the dogs of that city must wear muzzles from July 1st to September 1st.

A Ravanna bride groom caused a charivari party to disband by means of the shot gun. Two young men were wounded.

Mrs. G. O. Hickman received very serious injuries by being thrown from a buggy at St. Joseph, Wednesday—one ear cut off and breast dangerously cut.

Pursuant to the recommendation of the Jackson county bar, the governor has appointed Turner A. Gill, of Kansas City, judge of the circuit court vice Woodson deal.

Inter-state courtesies are now in vogue on the Kansas-Missouri line: Kansas folks come this side to get drunk, and Missouri folks cross the line to indulge in a little innocent gambling.

He Wanted Particulars.

Yesterday afternoon a pompous looking colored man wearing a veteran's badge over his heart, encountered at the city hall a brother of color wearing a small flag on his coat and trying to look as if he had starved in Andersonville for a year and a half.

"Stop, sah—stop!" commanded the first, "am you a western, sah?" "I specks I ar!" was the reply.

"You war in de army, eh?" "Yes, sah."

"War you a cook or a wagon driver?" "No, sah, I war in de ranks," was the indignant reply. "I war right dar at Petersburg."

"Wainin' on de hospital?" "No sah."

"In de commissary department?" "No, sah, I war in de fight."

"Behind a log?" "No, sah."

"Did you have a gun?" "Yes, sah."

"War it loaded?" "Yes, sah."

"An' you fired it off?" "I did, sah; of course I did."

"Was it pinterd at de sky?" "No, sah, it was pinterd at de enemy."

"De butt-eand fo'-most?" "No, sah!"

"An it went off?" "Yes, sah."

"An' de enemy drapped?" "I can't say as to dat, sah."

"What you down dah shootin' away Uncle Sam's powder an' lead without hittin' anybody? Take off dat flag, sah! What business has you to come out among dis crown, and pretend dat you saved de Union, when you war eatin' four dollars worth of grub per week an' shootin' wid yer eyes shet? Go away, sah! I war some sich chicken as you dat shot off my heel in dat same battle, just as I had surrounded a hull rebel regiment. Stan' back, sah—doan talk to a genuine ole weteran, sah.—Free Press.

Blown from the Track.

WARASH, IND., June 30.—The storm of yesterday was the most severe that ever visited this part of the State. At Keller Station, on the Wabash road, a train of fourteen freight cars were blown from the track and down the embankment. The cars were lifted so neatly that not a link was broken. Twenty others of the train were left on the track, but as the brakeman could not venture back with a signal, they were run into by a second section of the same train, and the engine and five cars were totally demolished. No loss of life is reported, but the damage to all kinds of property in this and the surrounding towns is inestimable.

Worth Reading Again.

[Col. R. G. Ingersoll before the Army Reunion at Indianapolis, 1876.]

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the hoisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they are they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are parting with mothers, who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing at the turn of the road, a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their sides on all the glory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storms and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn with shells in the trenches by the forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endure.

We are home when the news come that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see 4,000,000 of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the bounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelly unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear roar and the shriek of the bustling shell. The broken fetters fall. Those heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping-post and we see homes, and fire-sides, and school-houses, and books, and where all was want, and crime, and cruelty, and fetters we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free under the flag they rendered stainless; under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of suns and stars, of storm, each in his windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battles, in the roar of conflict they found the serenity of death. [A voice—"Glory!"] I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Nineteen Persons Injured in a Collision on an Illinois Road.

Chicago, July 1.—A serious accident occurred last night on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Road near Kensington Station, 18 miles out, caused by a collision between a freight train standing on a siding and a passenger train bound out. Both engines were wrecked and the baggage car telescoped through the forward passenger coach which was filled with passengers. Nineteen persons were seriously injured. Frank Hazen, engineer for the passenger train, probably cannot recover, being terribly scalded. The accident was caused by a misinterpretation of the signals. Surgeons were dispatched from this city early this morning and the wounded brought here and cared for.

ASSASSINATION!!

President Garfield Shot

What Are We Coming to!

Later Reports not so Bad as the First.

Profound Sorrow and Deep Indignation.

From Saturday's Daily.

Early this forenoon the community was startled and shocked by the rumor that President Garfield had suffered the fate of the martyred Lincoln and met his death at the hands of an assassin.

Dispatches passed over the lines that he had been shot at the Baltimore and Ohio depot at 9:30 a. m., and had died from the effects thereof in 30 minutes.

Later reports say that the president had been wounded in the leg and arm but but not fatally. At this writing we are anxiously waiting further particulars.

Special to the Graphic.

St. Louis, July 2.—Official bulletin from Dr. Bliss at 3:30 p. m. says the president is somewhat restless but suffering less pain.

The wounds are in the arm and hip and have not yet been probed.

The president's condition is considered critical but not necessarily hopeless.

Pulse 112, some nausea, and vomiting have recently occurred. Considerable hemorrhage from wound.

The assassin is Chas. Guitteau of Chicago. He is an attorney and said to be an applicant for a consular position.

He is under arrest.

The Deed Premeditated.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at police headquarters:

July 2, 1881.—To the White House: The President's death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the Republic. Life is a flimsy dream and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband in this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time anyway. I had no ill will toward the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician, and I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with Gen. Grant and the balance of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists at 1420 New York avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to jail.

(Signed) CHAS. GUTTEAU.

The papers referred to above have not yet been given for publication. Byron Andrews, who is the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean, says that while it is true a package of papers in the hands of the police, accompanied by a note was addressed to himself, Andrews, he has no personal acquaintance with Guitteau and never heard of his existence until this morning. From what he has gathered from the police, Andrews believes Guitteau is from Freeport, Ill. The following letter was found on the streets shortly after Guitteau's arrest. The envelope was unsealed and addressed: "Please deliver at once to Gen. Sherman or his First Assistant in office of War Department."

To General Sherman: I have just shot the President, I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian, and politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. Very respectfully, CHARLES GUTTEAU.

On receiving the above General Sherman gave the following indorsement: HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, July 2, 1881, 11:35 A. M.—This letter was handed me this minute by Major Wm. J. Twining, U. S. Engineer, Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and Major Wm. G. Brook, Chief of Police. I don't know the writer; never heard of or saw him to my knowledge, and hereby return it to the keeping of the above named parties as testimony in the case.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, General.

The Assassin.

HIS RECORD IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Charles Guitteau the assassin of the president is a Canadian Frenchman by birth, and hails from Chicago. He came here in the month of February with recommendations from various parties in Illinois to secure the United States consulship to Marseilles, France. He went in March to the well known boarding house of Mrs. Lockwood (formerly Mrs. Rines) 810 twelfth street, and tried to secure board. Mrs. Lockwood did not like his appearance and gave him an out-of-the-way room in the house in hopes of getting rid of him. He pretended to know Gen. Logan and others then boarding there. Mrs. Lockwood states that he acted strangely at times, and about the middle of the month she presented his bill and he could not pay it.

He told one of the boarders at Mrs. Lockwood's that he expected to be appointed minister to France but did not desire it to be known.

There is a theory which has many adherents, that the attempted assassination was not the work of lunatic but the result of a plot much deeper and darker than has been suspected. It is cited in support of this theory that Guitteau arranged beforehand with a hackman to be in readiness to drive him swiftly away in the direction of the congressional cemetery as he made his appearance on returning from the depot. In the meantime he had a bundle of papers in the hands of a boy with a view, it is maintained to creating a belief in his insanity in the event of his capture. Guitteau said on his way to jail that the president's assassination was premeditated and he went to Long Branch for the purpose of shooting him there and was deterred by the enfeebled and saddened condition of Mrs. Garfield, which appealed so strongly to his sense of humanity that he came back without carrying out his intentions. Those by whom Guitteau has been examined since the shooting say he shows no symptoms of insanity, and is understood that the letter, which has already been telegraphed, addressed to "The White House," is the only document in the collection which supports the theory of insanity. It is reported that Guitteau had an accomplice, whose description is in the hands of the police and further developments are anxiously looked for.

Detective McElfresh, who took Guitteau to jail, says he asked him, "Where are you from?" "I am," he said, a native born American, born in Chicago.

Guitteau said he was a lawyer and a theologian.

McElfresh asked, "Why did you do this, and he replied, I did it to save the Republican party."

"What is your politics?" asked McElfresh.

He answered, "I am a stalwart among the stalwarts. With Garfield out of the way we can carry all the northern states, and with him in the way we can't carry a single one." He then said to McElfresh, "You stick to me and have me put in the third story front at the jail, and Gen. Sherman is coming down to take charge. Arthur and all those men are my friends, and I'll have you made chief-of-police. When you get back to the depot you will find that I left a bundle of papers at the news stand which will explain all."

McElfresh asked him, "Is there anybody else with you in this matter?" He said: "Not a living soul. I contemplated this thing for the last six weeks, and have shot him when he went away with Mrs. Garfield, but I looked at her and she looked so bad that I changed my mind."

At six o'clock Saturday evening the President was thought to be slowly sinking.

At 11 p. m. he had again rallied, and hopes were still entertained of his recovery.

The latest reports Sunday evening were still favorable.

The news of his assassination was received throughout the entire nation with profound sorrow. This feeling in the south was especially marked. Business in all the leading cities was almost entirely suspended Saturday.

There were three shots left in the assassin's revolver, and it is said he attempted to use them on Secretary Blaine. The man is doubtless a crazy fanatic, whom the recent political events and his disappointment in not

getting an appointment have worked up to the point of assassination. He is a native of this country.

July 4, 8 A. M.—The President is reported to be slightly better and more favorable prospects for recovery.

ORRUMWA, July 4th, 10 a. m.—The President had a very restless night with sinking spells. He is better this morning with indications more favorable at this time.

July 5th, 8 a. m.—Reports are that the president is much better. Pulse firmer and stronger. He retains food, and slept 1½ hours, and seemed much benefited. All the indications are favorable.

"NE-TOO'S" NOAH.

Thos. C. Platt Authorizes the Withdrawal of His Name.

Joint Convention.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 1.—The Joint Convention met at noon, Gov. Hoskins presiding. Senator Spinoza raised the point of order that it being ten minutes past 12 o'clock, and the laws of Congress requiring the Convention to meet at 12, it was not in order to proceed. The chair decided it was no point of order and announced the Convention would proceed to vote for U. S. Senator to fill the short term, which was done and resulted as follows: Combined vote—Potter, 48; Conkling, 28; Wheeler, 18; Cornell, 6; Lapham, 13; Folger, 1; Rogers, 48; Crowley, 2. No choice. The chair announced the convention would now vote to fill the long term vacancy. The Speaker said he had been voting for Thos. C. Platt. At his request, and in the interest of the Republican party, he withdrew the name of Platt as a candidate, and would, when his name was called, vote for Richard D. Crowley. The Convention proceeded to vote, Senator Halbert, after speaking in high terms of his qualifications, voted for Orin W. Chapman.

Combined vote: Depew, 48; Kernan, 48; Platt, 2; Cornell, 15; Crowley, 20; Chapman, 4; North, 1; Daniels, 1; Lapham, 1; Adams, 1. No choice.

Draper said he had voted for the return of the two resigning Senators from principle. He believed there had a right and ought to be returned. He knew of no good reason for the withdrawal of one of those candidates, and he would therefore vote for them.

Trimble also voted for Platt.

A motion to appoint a committee to arrange for pairing to-morrow and Monday was tabled and the Convention adjourned.

The Joint Convention.

ALBANY, June 30.—In the Joint Convention ballot for the short term the combined vote was Potter 53, Conkling 37, Wheeler 13, Cornell 2, Lapham 17, Folger 1, Rodgers 4, Hoskins 1. No choice.

ALBANY, June 30.—In the ballot for the long term the combined vote was: Depew 51, Kernan 53, Platt 28, Cornell 11, Wheeler 1, Crowley 7, Tremaine 11, Lapham 2. No choice. Adjourned.

An Adjournment Urged.

NEW YORK, June 30.—An Albany special to the Mail says an adjournment without election is now the Stalwart's programme. The Half-Breeds are at present holding aloof from this new move of the Stalwarts for a caucus, waiting to see what the Conkling men will do. It appears probable that unless a caucus is held an adjournment will take place within a week without an election of Senators. The Albany Express, Conkling's organ, strongly urges adjournment, and that it is impossible for this Legislature to elect, the only alternative being adjournment and submission to the people. It asserts that the friends of Depew must abandon him or submit his fate to a Republican caucus of the next Legislature.

The Indicted Lobbyists.

ALBANY, June 30.—The Grand Jury was discharged this morning. Before being discharged they presented indictments under the act of 1869 against Chas. Edwards, Edward Phelps and A. D. Barber for giving and using money for the purpose of corruptly influencing legislation. It is said a determined effort will be made to convict Edwards. The latter says if he is pushed he will make things very hot for the Democrats and Stalwarts, and will reveal all he knows about the Albany lobby. It is not believed the indictments against Barber and Phelps will be pressed. Barber is the legal representative of the New York Central Railroad at Albany, and Phelps is his assistant.

We appreciate the kindness of heart of friend who presented us with a \$200 St. Bernard dog, for which we are paying board at \$4 per week, but condemn his judgment.